

Ode to an Ode  
By Griffin Osborne

O, sweet Ode how you comfort us so  
with fervent parchments lust  
to bring upon a love lost in dust.

Whether rain, or hail, or snow,  
you cover up our woe.

Or  
Melancholy speech you doth reveal  
this earths most verminous meal.

Yet, this telling of dark tale  
is a sort of purging wail;  
meant to cast those earthly chains  
back and end all human bane.

Comfort, however, is not your only task.  
Do not forget the happiness you bring,  
for only expression can bring such a thing.

Whether to food, or hurricane, or map  
you praise all that fall to your heavenly trap.

And, dear reader,  
when you wander down a terrible road  
Look in thy heart, and write an Ode.